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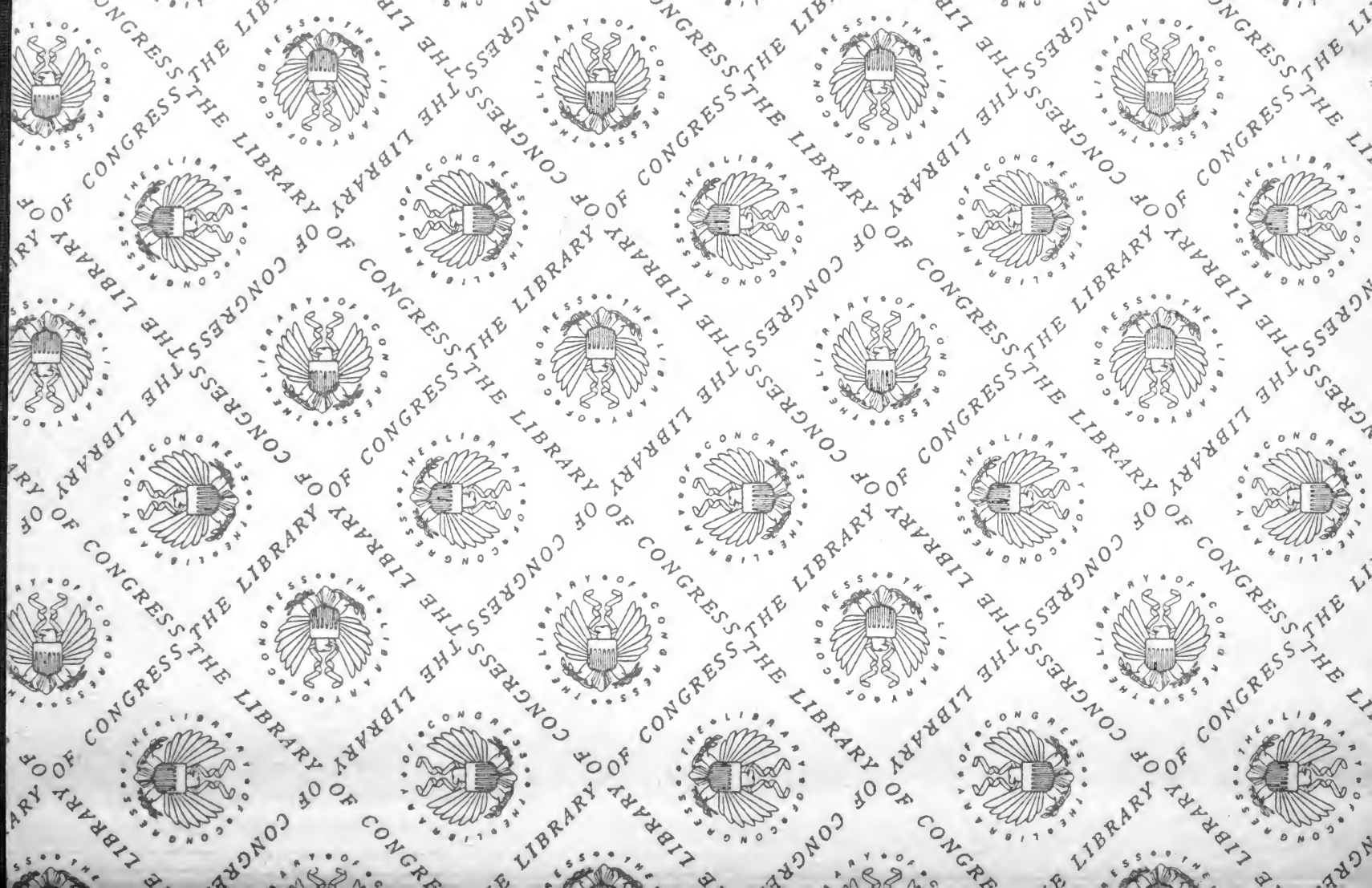
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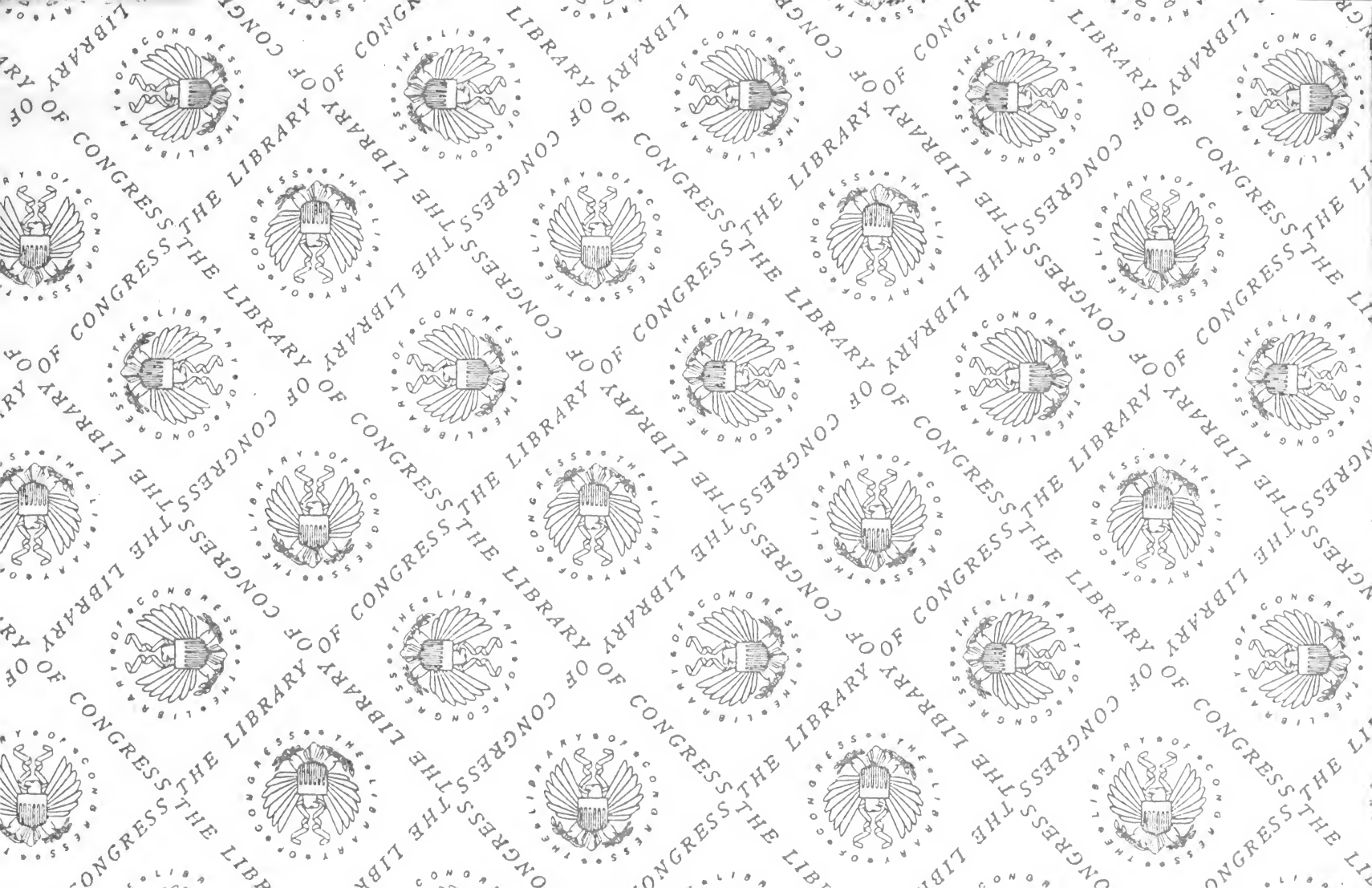
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Sour Dough's Bible

Agnes Thecla Fair

SOUR DOUGH'S BIBLE

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1620 Fourth Avenue, Rear
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Sour Dough's Bible

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SEATTLE
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1910

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To

THE PIONEERS, RANCHERS, TRAIL BLAZERS OF THE WEST, THE OLD SOUR DOUGHS OF THE NORTHLAND, ALL WORKERS OF THE WORLD, WHETHER BY HAND OR BRAIN, THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

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MEN OF THE NORTHLAND.

Man's true destiny on Earth, O brightest star!
You who move the gates ajar,
To reach the recess of the soul,
Who aid mankind to reach the goal,
To live 'mid the great, the good, the free,
Master of Man's destiny yet to be.
Are you not braver than knights of old—
Monarch of all your survey, to have, to hold
The fate of Mankind in your hands?
All tho'ts look-out to you of Northern lands.
We look no longer to the East;
Her wise men are no more.
Her ships are sailing on the deep
To reach your Northern shore.
Send not the offspring of true love
To barren shores of ours,
Away from the light of master minds,
Away from your rivers and flowers
Into the darkness of the past,
To idle golden hours.
Religion but Science by emotion's power;
Oh! you who hold the key,
Give to the world, who holds the lock,
Thy secret mystery.
The world's artists are at your feet,

They plead for an hour with you,
Who take all nations to your breast—
All hail to mankind true!
They come from the far, far East and West,
Wise men by the score,
Renamed the Golden Northland,
They opened wide the door.
They went, they saw, they conquered,
This Golden North of ours—
The pathway of all living things,
Breathes perfume of the flowers.

Beware of False Prophets other than these Pioneers, Trail Blazers, Miners and Wise Men who come to you in black broadcloth. Inwardly they are ravening wolves.—From the Sermon on the Chilkoot Pass.

"And these Kings of the North shall do according to their will, and shall exalt themselves and magnify themselves before every God, and shall speak marvellous things against the God of Gods, and shall prosper."

SOUR DOUGHS' PRAYER.

Our Bill, who art in Heaven on this earth, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in Fairbanks, as it is in Nome. Give us this day a "poke" of "dust," that we may pay our debts; thereby make glad our debtors. Lead us not into barren ground, but deliver the dust. Then there is a kingdom, a power and glory for ever and ever.

"You and I will live to know the Christ to come will be the offspring of an old Sour Dough."

And they that be wise as these Sour Doughs shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and turn many to righteousness.

Many of these Wise Men of the North shall run to and fro, and knowledge will be increased.

TO THE WOMEN OF THE NORTHLAND.

Flowers of the Golden Northland,
No poet can sing your praise;
Your deeds no artist can picture—
Mere echoes of early days.
An actress you had such as few have heard.
There was depth to every line.
"She had faults," you say! 'Tis true;
Remember, I have mine.
She had a form like Venus,
Her hand to an artist would seem
Perfection he long sought
Could be found in your Northern dream.
She had large, dark eyes
That seemed to say:
"Hello! How are you today?"
Her voice made the sweetest music,
She moved like a ship at sea
When the waters are calm and peaceful.
A mystery, where she can be?
This flower was but one of the many
That bloomed in this Northern land,
Where women have hearts courageous,
To all, gave friendship's hand.
Books and pictures we cherish,

Deeds of bravery told;
No man will ever live to give
Life to the thoughts you hold.

There is no Christ will ever come as fair to me
as you;
I only ask in Manhood's name to grow in
thought like you.

"So these Kings of the North shall come and cast up a mount, and take the most fenced cities, and the arms of the South shall not withstand, neither shall his chosen people."

Thou shalt not live by the blood and sweat of
another man's brow;
Thou shalt not be vain, for nothing is thine;
Thou shalt not be idle nor lazy;
Thou shalt not reprove any man or woman,
for they are creators;
Thou shalt give liberty to all men;
Thou shalt know no God
But the God of Forces.

Last night I dream't a dream, old pal:
I was sitting on the banks of a northern stream,
'Twas called the Solomon.
The wise Old King was there;
He had no thousand wives,
But had within his keeping
A thousand miners' lives.
He paid seven dollars per day, and board,
The hours were only seven—
What's that?—I missed a shift,—
The clock struck 'leven.

"If he be an old Sour Dough, he shall have power over the Gold and the Silver, and over all the precious things in the Northland. Yea! even to the malamutes."

"Then they shall return into the States, and their hearts shall be with their fellow-men."

"True men like these Old Sour Doughs are not as Holy Men, but as God's; and thou shalt not have other gods before them."—Commandment of The 49ers.

Take me back to the Northland,
Where the Yukon wends its way;
On the banks of that beautiful river
Forever let me stay.
Give me the land of the Midnight Sun,
Her men of brawn and brain;
Give me this fairest spot on earth,
Where honor is more than gain.
Seek for counsel men of the North.
Where are the wise men of old,
Who ruled with the far-seeing wisdom we find
In the minds of this land of gold?
They take no tho't of the morrow,
But live a day at a time.
Their deeds no artist can picture—
No pen can write a line.
No magic brain has power to define
Their secrets: much less me or mine.

A mansion grand in some foreign land
May have its charms for thee.
But for me the North, the Golden North—
What grander place can be?

ALASKA.

It seems to me Alaska is
The place for you and me —
The only place where man or beast
By Nature's laws are free.
On the banks of the beautiful Yukon
The Esquimaux now holds sway;
Some day in that land of grandeur,
May we not live some day?
No better, braver hearts e'er beat
Beneath a shirt of blue,
Than the Sour Doughs of the Northland—
Believe me, friends, 'tis true.
There's never a law of God or man
Runs north of fifty-three,
The only spot 'neath the Stars and Stripes
Where mankind's voice is free.

In the North character is essential; in the States reputation is sufficient.

If you wish to be sublime, be natural as these "Wise Men." These Sour Doughs care nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money but everything for independence!

"DUST."

Virgin "dust," so pure, so pure!
Hardships untold we must endure
  That we possess thee!
Not to clutch with miser's greed,
But rather as a perfect man,
To seek those we know best —
Our former friends, perhaps in need.

Give me the wilds, where the heart of man
  Is as bare as a babe just born;
Give me the place where man meets man,
  Where sham and pretence meet scorn.

Give me for sweetheart the man of the hills,
  Who protects womankind from the brute;
Give me this man, for I know him to be
  Seeking for justice and truth.

You may have fair Broadway, the dude and
    the jay;
  Their pockets have seldom a dime;
But the man of the hills, without fancies or
    frills,
  Wins out in the race every time.

YOUR BANKER.

Who is it greets you in old clothes,
The "hand-me-downs" from goodness knows?
Your Banker.

Who is it helps you get a loan
When in your dreams the town you'll own?
Your Banker.

Who is it keeps your books for you,
Knowing well you've not a sou?
Your Banker.

Who is it helps you in a pinch,
When other fellows have the "cinch"?
Your Banker.

Who is it helps the pay-roll go
When "City Dads" with coin are slow?
Your Banker.

Who was it broke the Fairplay Bank
And left me by a water tank?
Why, man alive! I have to thank
My Banker.

Give me a cabin among the hills,
  Near Alaska's golden shores;
Give me for pictures her red-gold skies
  To dream of evermore.
The malamute's call, and
  The wolf's shrill howl,
A sack of dust and Thou.
The perfume of the wild flowers,
  O Paradise enow!

"As for these Wise Men of the North: God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning, and wisdom; and few have understanding in all their visions and dreams."

"What is great in the judgment of the men in the States is as nothing to me."—One of The Wise Men.

Success comes not so much by what
  The mining-man terms "luck,"
But rather by the quality
  The old Sour Dough calls "pluck."

THE MINER.

[To Members of the Western Federation of Miners.]

He is a whole-souled, manly chap
  Who lives a care-free life;
He honors more than earthly things,
  A true and loving wife.
He goes his way, no time for play
  In the depths of Mother Earth,
That we above who share his love
  May brimful be of mirth.
He risks his life a thousand times
  To bring us forth the treasure,
That we may share the bounties of
  This world, and all its pleasure,
No "Knight of Old" was e're so bold
  Or fearless of all danger,
As he who mingles in our midst,
  Sometimes a lonely stranger;
Ah! let us give a share of praise,
  And honor where 'tis due;
Full well we know the truest hearts
  Beat 'neath a shirt of blue.

RUBAIYAT OF THE SPECULATOR.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Shop and store, and heard great argument
Of corn and wheat and rye; but evermore
Came out broke, when "flush" I'd been before.
'Twas then the seed of wisdom did I sow,
And of myself thought to make it grow;
This is true: "When wool is on the sheep
Leave it alone, would you the harvest reap."
Into this camp, and why not knowing—
I came as water willy-nilly flowing,
Half hoping from the desert's priceless waste:
The golden sands, may o'er my trail, come
And has not such a story from of old
blowing.
Down man's successive generations roll'd?
There is no spot on "Dear Old Mother Earth"
But man will wander there by "call of gold!"
Would but the fields of gold upon this desert
yield
One glimpse — if dimly ,yet, indeed, revealed,
To which the faint of heart might look as in a
spring;
They'd build a home and loved ones onward
bring.

GOLDFIELD.

The fields of gold they are no more,
The camp has gone to ruin.
The greedy, grasping, grafting crowd
Now sing another tune.
They say the miner's not to blame,
They miss his generous hand.
The brokers now are down to beans,
In a cold and barren land.
The buildings tall, and the cabins small,
Are labeled "For Rent," "For Sale";
A couple of grewsome, noiseless mills
Are left to tell the tale.
Rooms rent for a dime a night;
The bankers had to hike—
Of all the "down-and-out" gold camps
You never saw the like.
There's no one at work in "Hot Air" camp,
Wall Street no coin to play;
To those who thought of going there—
Just go the other way!

"The Lord said unto Uncle Joe: Write the things which thou hast seen in the Northland, and the things which are and the things which shall be hereafter."

I would I were a man that I might say:
"Hello, stranger! How are you today?"
That I might clasp his hand as man to man,
And feel I've touched his heart, as only wanderers can.
I would I were a man that I might put aside
What's called "good form" and give to other tramps a greeting warm.
Could I but reach the inner man while on my way,
I know I would be happy all the day!

When Father Time calls on some old Sour Dough,
And you would reach him where the wise ones go,
Telephone to 48 Below!

Let us show the wisdom
Of the savage on the Isthmus,
And treat our fellowman each day
As Chechacos do on Christmas.

THE WESTERN FEDERATION.

If Mr. Dooley chanced to write
About a bomb or two,
They'd swear the inspiration
Was given him by you.

When Wall Street stocks all take a slump
And "Bulls" and "Bears" are blue,
They all get busy for a chance
To lay the blame on you.

When Doggies of the "Smart Set"
Are served with beef too rare,
They swear you had a hand in
Making up the bill of fare.

All earthquakes are laid at your door;
The Salton Sea you changed;
You made the Colorado rise
Above the Sierra range.

Great credit should be given
For miracles you wrought;
Counsel such as you can give
Should eagerly be sought.

AT THE MOYER-HAYWOOD-PETTIBONE TRIAL.

My country, called "Land of the brave and the free,"
Your name, like the chimes, is sweet music to me:
But why crush this pride sown deep in my breast,
By courting injustice to those we love best?
Land of my birth, may my voice, until stilled,
Re-echo for justice the graves you have filled—
The blood of the innocents washed in your hands,
Bows the heads of your children in all foreign lands.
Let us rise as one man, rout injustice to shame,
Then my country with pride my redeem her fair name.

What a queer old world, this world of ours,
When a man may be rolling in riches,
And ere another month goes by
The seat is out of his breeches.

THE WORKER.

They closed the doors of the mansions grand
On you long years ago;
Into the clubs where the "Rulers" dine
Your face you dare not show.

The temples where the lowly wept
When Christ lived on earth,
Are filled with those who have the coin,
And live to gather mirth.

The institutions — so-called "Homes"—
A farce, the very name,
Are owned by those who have the coin
Or "pull," which means the same.

St. Peter stands at the golden gate —
The Geld, Dinero, Mazuma, the Dough —
Cheer up, sad heart! Of empty purse
There's always room below.

Get the money —
Leave the WISE to talk.
If you do, I'll wager
You'll win out in a walk.

RELIGION AND POVERTY.

Religion and Poverty go hand in hand;
  Proofs may be had by the score,
From the woman who sells her body,
  To the beggar at your door.

Your jails are filled with religionists
  Who worship God each day —
And steal, and kill their fellow-man,
  Until they are laid away!

The teller who robbed your city bank,
  And left his babes in a lurch,
Taking along another's wife,
  Was the fellow who went to church.

The coffers at Rome are bulging;
  Rothschilds have their share;
Widows and orphans are starving!

  What does His Holiness care?
You cannot eat Religion,
  Nor pawn it when you're broke;
The only use is a hangman's noose
  For the fellow who wears the yoke.

THE WORKERS.

You burdened yourselves with a thousand
cares,
And worries beyond your years;
You worship Saints and Sinners alike,
While Satan laughs at your fears.
You're supporting the gambler, preacher and
priest;
You toil while they are at rest;
You give them your hard-earned dollars,
They return a sneer or a jest.
They tell you, "Be meek and lowly,"
But who wears the broadcloth today?
The fellow who tells you to hell you will go,
If you fail to hand over your pay.

Drink if you will, and be merry;
Eat of the best in the land;
This is the age of the broadcloth thief—
Be "wise" when he holds out his hand.
You owe to yourself and your children
The pleasures and all there's in life.
Every joy which springs from an earthly
flower
Belongs to the woman called wife!

THE JEWESS.

[To Polly Goldstein, of Chicago.]

Perfect of form and fair of face,
Brightest light of that illustrious race:—
With hand outstretched to welcome those who roam —
We find you, kind of heart,
True guardian of the home.
Where are words to sing your praise,
Since on the heights you shine
As he of Nazareth — divine, divine!
Would that I could say as you:
Yes; I am the daughter of a Jew!

Awake! the bells are ringing
The Old Year out, the New Year in;
Resolve the day will be one of good cheer.
Joyous of heart may each day find
You and yours, throughout the year!
Thankful be for good things gone,
Those yet to come;
Seek for the good within each heart.
Love with a power divine some living thing.
Be not a slave to wine, red wine!

WHO PAYS THE BILLS?

Have you noticed the bargains
In your Sunday sheet?—
You who buy and also treat:
Shout it and shout it evermore,
While the cheap broadcloth
Stands near the door,
Looking so pious at the floor.
You pay for the drinks;
You buy another:
Then adieu, adieu, amen, "brother."
But amen never bought a book,
Or carried the little ones to the brook,
Or gave to her of the silvered hair
The golden thought you are "ever fair";
'Twas ever thus since the world began—
The broadcloth sponged on their fellow-man;
But, alas! the Irish now are wise
To the shoddy of creeds that advertise.

A FARCE.

In dear old San Francisco
  There's a drama on today —
There's a villian in the background,
  Another in the play —
A wizened, cowardly, cringing cur,
  Who marred a dozen lives;
Who steals the food of children,
  Who breaks the hearts of wives.
Far away in Washington
  Another scene is laid —
To the plaudits of the ignorant
  The "Big Stick" long has played.
The scene is changed to Market Street:
  A banker in the role,
Who could not buy a franchise
  To gain the people's toll.
He spent a half a million
  Just to mow his fellows down,
While the "Great I Am" in Washington
  Plays the role of "circus clown."
The banker lost his money,
  His hirelings lost their place;
The curtain drops upon the scene

HEROES OF THE PLAY!

[To the Western Federation of Miners.]

We need you in our business now —
Before your name we all kow-tow!
You rise as men to your full height;
The chorus sings: "All honor bright.
We know these men are in the right,"
Bow-Wow!
They wear your shirts upon the stage —
The miner's garb is all the rage,
Your name goes down in history's page,
Bow-Wow!
We clap our hands by the hour,
Your own sweet selves we could devour.
As you act out true manhood's part,
And let Belinda break your heart,

The curtain drops upon the scene,
We look about as in a dream;
We see the hero by our side.
How sad yet true our paths divide!

SATAN'S HOME.

They tell us you have all the coal,
And all the coke as well;
They say you need it for to keep
The "Angels" where they fell.
They tell us of your fire-place;
The embers softly glow.
Always warm and cheerful
Tho' the weather is below.
How did you come to get this coal,
And you not in the Trusts?—
Tons and tons, they say;
Your coal bins almost bust.
Winter's here — we can't buy coal,
Prices are so high;
It may be cheaper in the Spring,
Or in the sweet bye-bye.
Truly, Mr. Satan, you're the wisest man I know:
Won't you tell us shivering wretches
What to do to get below?

With Justice in the race.
Alaska for Alaskans!
  Is the Northern rebels' cry—
Alaska by Alaskans —
  To have our land or die!
Alaska for Alaskans;
  Secession from the State!
Alaskans take Alaska
  Before it be too late.
Alaska, young Alaska,
  Will hoist another flag —
Freedom's only banner,
  The brightest crimson rag.

"In all matters of wisdom and understanding that the men of the States inquire of these Northern men, they found them ten times better than the most learned in all their realm."

When they returned in the early days,
All Chechacos marveled, saying:
"What manner of men are these Northern men,
That even the winds obey them?"

REVIVALS.

Revivals now are on, and all the foes
Of Satan soon are gone.
Where? No one knows.
With all the "air" they peddle right and left,
No worker now of reason is bereft
To picture out a paradise to come,
While here on earth one man is "On the bum."
No pilot of the skies can blot a line
Written for the masses, or define
What's coming next.
They hold their gabfests o'er and o'er;
We move by millions from their icy shore.
Quite different when we know
Whose ox they gore.
Full well they know this bosh of golden shore.
Methinks sometimes we harm
Poor Baalam's Ass,
To say he could for priest or preacher pass.

"And there was given them dominion and glory and a kingdom, that all people, nations and languages should come unto them. Their dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shadd not pass away. Alaska shall not be destroyed!"

INTELLIGENCE IS GOD.

For fame or fortune what care you or I —
For our fellow-men and every living thing?
thing?
We live, we love, we die!

And Jesus, returning two thousand years after, said: "Are ye yet without understanding?"

"Verily, I say unto you, unless ye free the little children of the Southland and the Northland, ye shall not be placed among the immortals. But whoso shall stunt, starve or strike one of these child slaves, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea.

"Take heed, ye that starve these little ones: I say unto you the masses shall rise as one against your class!"

The Queen of the East Side shall rise up in this generation and condemn it. For she came from the barbarous parts of the Earth, where the masses die in poverty.

THE MEN BEHIND THE BARS.

[Dedicated to America's Russianized Prisons and Cossacks.]

They may close the doors for a thousand years
  And place you in dungeons cold;
But they never can quench the constant hope
  For the light your hearts may hold.
They may sweat you till the blood bursts
  The arteries in your hands;
They may try all methods long since used
  By cruel religious bands;
As snakes detectives seek you,
  And kick you when you're down.
Russia has no equal
  To our own American hound!
When they have you in their grasp,
  To bang you against the wall,
To turn the hose upon you
  Till faint you lifeless fall.
The guards all grin like demons
  For a chance to drag around,
By blackened silken tresses,
  Some young girl lost, but found.
The guards' room of our prisons
  Are dens of infamy bold —

A million skulls and cross-bones
  Of blasted hopes they hold.
Those whom this cursed system
  Has placed in these haunts of hell,
There's one thought to remember:
  Steady your nerves. Oh, well,
Whenever your heart is aching,
  And you have come to grief,
Remember, every man that lives
  Has one time been a thief!

Cheer up, sad heart! Tho' stocks are on the
  bum,
The dawn is near — the worst has yet to come.
Better than Wall Street or the Stock Exchange
Is breaking Broncs out on a Western range!

Ye are the Salt of the Earth —
The Light of the World.
If any man take thy "poke"
Give him thy claim as well.
For it is written such are the torments of hell.
—From "The Sermon onthe Chilkoot Pass."

GIVE YE THEM TO EAT.

"Let the children first be filled. For it shows not wisdom to take the children's bread.

"Thou may love thy wife and know not love. Thou may love thy children and know not love. But if thou lovest thy fellowman better than those near to you, I say unto you there is not love truer or greater than this.

"Preach deliverance to the captives and set at liberty those that are in prison. This I command thee," saith the Lord.

Be ye not as the horse or mule, which have no understanding. But speakest if ye choose at all timse and places. Let no one deny thee freedom of speech or press — either before or after the coming of Christ.

The Intellectuals murmured: "Why do ye eat and drink with The Common Herd?" and Jesus answered, saying: "I get all my 'dope' from the least of these."

Verily, I say unto you, if thou art a brakeman, thou shalt not harvest the harvesters; neither shalt thou kick them off or shoot them. Lest you, who know not the day nor the hour when you, too, shall be on the bum without a

card; and they holding all cards shall retaliate tenfold.

If you find you married a contented wage-slave, this alone shall be just cause for a bill of divorcement; lest thou be cast into poverty by him, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

COURTSHIP AND CAPITAL.

While strolling along the avenue
Just the other day,
A pretty maiden passed me by
And tripped across the way.
I picked the paper she had dropped;
She bowed with queenly grace,
Somehow for me a wistful snare
Was in her pretty face.
I talked with her along the road,
From East Side up to Pike;
The more I watched her lashes fall,
The more to see and like.
My courtship flew, by night and by day;
Oh! dearest, I'll be true.
"But Peter, dear, how can it be?
Without the beans for two."

I LOVE THE WORLD

I love the world and all that lives and breathes
therein.
'Tis wrong, you say, and mark it as a sin.
Pass on; sweep all your gowns aside;
To weep for none but you, the "so-called"
happy bride.
When dreams are o'er, with head bowed down
in grief,
Come to me — upon my humble breast seek
relief.

I love the world, and shall as long as there is
life
To laugh to scorn all discords, quarrels and
strife.
What is wrong for you is right for me;
The morrow I know not; this day to happy
be —
Happiness to seek and give from my humble
store,
To help another live, ah! that is more.
To stand alone all monkeys well may fear;
To follow suit would mar a great career.
The present they know not; they live far in
the past;

Some pebbles they have thrown, and would the
others cast.
They know not sorrow's path, or why the sil-
ver hair;
For them to bid one go they care not where!

I love the world! What care I what you do.
To live within my world unknown to you,
Leave me alone. Serenely bear in mind
Happiness can never come from puppets dense
and blind.
Curse me if you will, when bound by irons and
chains;
Freedom gathers none but golden grains—
The rest is chaff. To weigh it as the same
But makes men laugh — there's nothing in a
name.
To love the world, my world will I survey,
Not to live this life within a day.
No mountain peak was ever scaled in vain.
Upon the heights new worlds to ever gain,
Waste not your energy in petty jeers.
In humble haunts you ever find your peers.

The men of the North shall rise in judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it.

GLAD RAGS AND HOME JOURNALS.

The latest news, the clothes they wear,
Keep the weaker but fairer sex
From gaining an equal share.
If you think it's clothes, I'm afraid, my friend,
You're beat a city block
By the boy who is up at 3 a. m.
By the sign of the paper clock.
The newsboy you pass each day on the street,
Arrayed in your raiment fine,
Is a friend to the fair, blindfolded sex,
Therefore he's a cousin of mine.
It isn't the clothes, it isn't the hose
Or the shoes they wear at all;
But the feminine book with a masculine look
That robs the brain of all.
The worker's sheet for your daily needs,
When the blinds fall from your eyes,
Or in a thousand years to come
We'll find you making pies.

No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the Capitalist and love the Toiler, or he will love the Captalist and hate the Toiler. You cannot serve Gold and Good. Therefore, I say unto you: Take no thought for your job or master, but give to your master a job, that he may gain manhood. For is not manhood more than money?

Therefore I will give the wives of Idlers to others to labor for them. For every one, from the least to the greatest of Parasites, is given to covetousness:

From the Prophet even unto the Priest every one dealeth falsely. Every Parasite is brutish in his knowledge; every Bishop is confounded by a graven image. This image is falsehood, for there is no breath in this image.

Thou shalt be kind to the stranger, the fatherless and the widow within thy gates.

Thou shalt wrest all from Capitalists. Thou shalt be no respecter of persons, neither take a gift. For a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise.

That which is altogether just (The Workers' Standard), and that alone, shalt thou follow.

Behold the Capitalist and his wife: They

sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns. Yet the toilers feed them. Are ye who take not that which is yours much better than they?

Take ye, Wise Men, understanding among the people, that none be rulers over them.

And seeing the miners go down to death in Tread-hell, he opened his mouth, saying: "Did ye not give to these men power to destroy ye?"

I say unto you, from him that hath in this day money-power, take ye that away.

Take heed that ye do not alms, as Capitalists. For this there is no reward. But take ye the Earth and all things will be added unto you.

Thou shalt no longer offer to the Workers a wafer or unleavened bread in communion. But thou shalt hand them what thou squeeze in secret, a lemon. So by thy fruits and clothes of broadcloth they shall know you.

Behold I have set the land before you. Go take possession thereof.—"The Sermon on Chilkoot Pass."

THEY SAY!

"They say!" "They say!"— Must you or I
By what "they say" both live and die?
None shall think other thoughts than mine,
Do other things.

Because I am devout, I have been blessed
With water and with wine.
I am divine.

The raindrops fell a-pattering on my head;
A wish had I to wish the sacred dead.
Because you're meek, must I, too, cringing be?
Reason such as that would shame a flea.
Not one breath by which we live —
Naught but misery can they give.
Because you bathe in yonder stream,
As a new-born babe, can one not dream
Of lilies in a valley or a pond?
Can one not soar to realms beyond?
Because they're lewd and low and vile,
Must one their heavenly thoughts defile,
Because you, simpleton, cry out, "He's right?"
Ambition suprred me on in tender years.
From out the Cup of Life I'll drink my fill.
Not for none to know
The time quite right that one may come and go,

Not a kiss or fond caress —
Their barren lives a fool could guess.
By what fool law can they agree
To map the path for you or me?
Just so long as there is life
Within the paradise of fools — the church —
There will be strife!

MONEY.

There isn't a friend in the world so true
As the stuff we call the dough.
Treasure it always and you will find
It helps to make things go;
It's as good as a deed in the hour of need—
Ever a lifelong friend,
Tho' hard to say in this generous day,
On money you can depend.
There's very few things that money won't buy
Or move in this universe.
The simple life may be all right,
But poverty is a curse.

THE EAGLE EYE.

Sometimes I feel I'd like to live near to
The railroad tracks to hear the trains go by,
Listening to the power that governs all
Call out "Choo! Choo!" in answer to a call.
With hand upon the lever o'er the rails
He moves our loved ones,
Yet seldom fails
To bring them back to us in safety.
We owe to you, and you to us,
A debt far more than gold,
You noble knight so fearless, brave and bold.
Although not good form,
I'd like to wave my handkerchief to you,
Bravest of the brave.

And the Capitalist said by keeping the Workers divided, and we, the Capitalists uniting, we shall have dominion over the fish of the sea and operate canneries, and over the fowl of the air by bribing the game warden, and over the cattle of the east by monopolizing all water rights, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein we can make a profit.

And the Capitalist, seeing every one made in the image and likeness of God cringing beneath the lash of hunger, do his bidding, looked upon his work and considered it good.

And the Capitalists said: Let there be a fakir among the Workers, and let him divide them by preaching, We are brothers, and it was so until there came a wise man who preached unity of the Workers of the World.

Then the Workers said: Let there be light, and invented electricity. And when the Capitalists said unto them, Thou shalt work eight hours. We shall work but four, the Workers replied, and commanded their fellow-workers, Let there be darkness. And immediately the whole city was plunged in darkness.

APOLOGIES TO A TENT MAKER.

Ah! my dear friend, get the "dust" that clears
Today of past regrets and future fears.
Tomorrow! Why, tomorrow you may be
Sent below without a sou marquee.
Tell me, my friend, you who depend
On the skies or the heavens above,
What have they to give that will help you to live
Like a heart of good-fellowship love?

EMMA GOLDMAN.

What a wonderful, wonderful woman you are!
You move the gates of heaven ajar.
You leave New York on a Saturday night,
You're in Paree on Sunday bright.
You go to Russia, you go to Rome;
Like our West, you hold your own.
The navy went to Western seas;
Did you, did you, fan the breeze?
The Constitution, long since lost—
'Twas rumored you have found it.
If you choose to give it up,
Don't wind no strings around it.
God made the Earth in eleven days,,
Then, dear God, he rested,
Because within your magic self
His power he invested.

WISDOM OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

In the far, far, far-off Northland,
Where the sun shines all the day,
And the pretty Kobuk river
Ripples on in careless way,
Lives there in that far-off Northland
Men and women, brawn and brain.
From the savage learned doctors
In the States could knowledge gain.
Seated in a little cabin, miners old their stories told —
Some of loved ones, some of friendships,
Some of hardships, quest for gold.
Esquimaux with berries called there:
"Bacon! Bacon!" was their cry.
"Omachuck! How is he? Omachuck, he die."
Not a tear shed Oma's daughter;
Wisdom of the Gods had she.
Omachuck had lots of reindeer
In his happy land to be.
On the miners told their stories —
How the bacon was no more.
"Kow-Kow pe-chuck!" cried the maidens,
Tear-drops falling, closed the door.

DAUGHTERS OF HI-YU.

Some are charming, all have beauty,
  Some have talents rich and rare;
Search the depths, you'll find each heart beat
  Speaks emotions ever fair.
Had one beauty to be near you
  For an hour, a day, a year;
What a precious, priceless treasure
  One could carry in a tear.
Some have passions strong and powerful:
  Conquer them? You might as well
With a single drop of water
  Try to quench the fires of hell!
Away with all reforming woodies,
  Away with tracts and talk of God,
While Earth's fairest, rarest daughters
  By their sisters' feet are trod.

And Jesus, when He came out from Alaska to the States, great multitudes followed Him, and he began to teach them many things, for those in the States were as sheep without a shepherd:

"Be not thou afraid; when one is made rich, tho' he may lord it over you until you get wise, when he dieth he shall carry nothing away — Satan spurns the coins of this realm; clearing-house certificates are useless below.

"I say unto thee: Arise, take up thy blankets and go into the tall uncut (and immediately the wage-slaves did their Master's bidding).

"Behold, I send ye forth to the States as sheep in the midst of wolves. Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves.

"Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him of his fault between thee and him alone. Verily, I say unto you, thou shalt not call the police or hire a bloodhound!"

LABOR'S DEMANDS.

We ask not charity.
We spurn, we despise, charity.
Charity makes beggars of all.
You dare not crush every atom of manhood,
Or quench the tiny torch of hope
Burning brightly in each human breast.
Opportunity makes the man, the woman;
We demand it!
We want freedom of speech, of press;
We wear fair manhood's crown.
This is Labor's birthright,
No nation can ever down.
We want liberty for all men and women;
For what is life but liberty?
These demands in this day shall come to pass.

Many are strangers and in prison, and ye visit them not. Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as you have not visited the least of these all these years, it is useless to go to church.

Blessed are the discontented for they shall see God.
Cursed are the meek and lowly,
For they shall never know heaven or inherit the earth.

No law is sacred to us which injures another. Not thine, but our will, be done on this earth, until 'tis heaven.

No God will I worship who looks down from his lofty heights on any living creature.

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